



HAYDEN'S PEAK

Wasatch National Forest photo

When its west side came into view he stopped to use the shelter of a tree from the rain. Lightning flashed across the canyon. The echoes and re-echoes sounded to him like bells played down the scale. Going another mile on, he again studied the broadside view to his left. Posing there in picturesqueness with dome on top, but impressively different than all its neighbors—'its top is like a mighty bell.'

BRIDGER VALLEY

The great scout, Jim Bridger, did more than he knew when he homed in the extensive Valley that now bears his name. To one of the Valley's sturdy settlers, our native son knew he must go. Not that one, not this one; nor that one over there. Quite tired with a score or more miles his spirit improved as he walked up a wide path, lined with native willows and brush. Across the spring run and then the lighted window. "Sure," said the young lady at the door, "Come in; we always have room for a stranger." How deep those words did sink!

GILBERT

The three tall members of the Council Kings, Gilbert and Emmons by some inexplicable turn of nature, comprising and complicating the forces of *upheaval*, erosion, ice sheets, etc., stand somewhat defiant to each other. Though they are located in the tapering end of the range, these three are quite in a line north and south—neither being more than 1½ mile away from median line drawn between them. When Hayden's bells loose they all hear them about the same time. Only 70 feet marks their difference in height and 7 miles measures their spread north and south. They all three lay claim to Uinta River drainage. However, Gilbert contributes most to the main fork. And, of course, Gilbert alone sends water into both north and south slopes of the range. Outstanding individuals as they are, they are no less reasonable, congenial, and co-operative in accepting their separate assignments—holding to them religiously. The natural no-man's land—Painter Basin—has proven a real playground between the two highest.

Gilbert is happy to make his contribution, as the white stone continues to warm in Sydney's hand:

"Like all, as age bears down upon one, I am not so tall as I used to be. It is possible at one time, according to estimates, my summit reached more into the clouds; but for thousands of years my height has not varied much from what it is now—13,449 feet. My name immortalizes the name of Grove Karl Gilbert (1843-1918) geologist with the Wheeler Survey (1871-74) and the Powell Survey (1875-79). I dare not be anything but reliable in my eternal watch. As I look toward north-west." (Shorty's eyes brightened with the rise of his blood pressure.) "And view between canyon slopes and avenues of trees, the town whose name was inspired by sight of me, I am singularly proud.

My paramount concern is preservation of these streams which lead from my feet—Henry's Fork and Beaver Creek, its tributary. And this includes both its geography, geological history, and history of man, plants and animals in its valleys etc.

Looking to my beloved Henry's Fork, which has its name from Major Andrew Henry, key man and pardner to General Wm. H. Ashley in his fur trapping enterprise.

Henry's Fork has three glacial basins which create and hold many beautiful lakes, mostly in high altitude. Some of the noted ones, all of which are within the Primitive Area, and can only be reached by horse or foot, are Henry's Fork Lake, Blanchard, Dollar, Grass, Bear. These with many small ones are in Henry's Fork Basin and are stocked with trout. The stream itself affords good fishing.

It is warming to look down and observe many foot and horse parties on trails that were used by Indians for centuries. It is a good way to King's Peak, and as the trails wind their way around lakes, through timbered meadows, flocks of sheep showing only passing concern graze in the circle about. This is multiple use as is practiced in the Primitive area.

It was on this stream not far from Lone Tree and near the Utah-Wyoming line, that an institution was inaugurated peculiar to trappers—the rendezvous. It began there in 1825 enduring annually at various places until 1840. The next three were held in Utah at following places: 1826, in Cache Valley; 1827 and 1828, at south end of Bear Lake.

At this famous beginning were Wm. Ashley, Jim Bridger, Jedediah S. Smith, Wm. L. Sublett, Thomas Fitzpatrick, Robert Campbell, J. P. Beckworth, D. E. Jackson, 23 Hudson Bay deserters, independent trappers from as far away as Taos and Santa Fe, New Mexico—150 whites and 800 Indians in all.

In the duration of this variant, colorful historic institution of strange membership—no one excluded—all bells were brought into play—yes, including Indian belles. The merriment of wedding bells; the death toll, calling some to Happy Hunting Grounds; the clank of the gong, as antagonists struggled to bitter ends; the dirgeful tone as the loser was spaded beneath the rod; the mirthful ring, as rough boots disturbed the sleeping dust of centuries, in dance and song.

During these 16 years, indelible marks of history were stamped upon the West. Names such as Cache County, Provo and Weber Rivers, Ogden's Hole and Ogden River, Ashley Valley, Creek, and Falls, Smith's and Henry's Fork, Fort Bridger, Black's Fork, Brown's Hole, Jackson Hole, Sublett, Idaho etc.

The Trapper and Fur Traders Rendezvous was the West's forerunner of conferences, symposiums, conventions, trading centers, contests in physical strength and rifle shooting. It was the open air composite of all these and more—being also the annual social gathering where many men with many languages met—English, French, Dutch, Spanish, Ute, Shoshone, Snake, Flathead, etc.

The passing of the institution of Trapper and Fur Traders Rendezvous in 1840, with its many facets and cosmopolitan makeup, left a gap that will never be filled. Let the bells be tolled!

In 1947 or 48 the bells were anxious in their ringing when a plane with man and wife, a Dr. Dykes from California aboard struck my side. The tone mellowed in joyous ring at their rescue, alive; seven days after, by Forest Ranger A. K. Wogenson.

Then again beginning Sunday August 19, 1962 at 1:30 p.m. and continuing for 20 hours, the bells were heard in high nervous chord as the search went on for Marianne Wood, 10-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Wood of Clinton, Utah.

She was found safe and sound next day at 9:30 a.m. But not until 200 to 250 men were alerted to the search. Included in the search was Sheriff Ehlers from Evanston with deputies; the Evanston Search and Rescue Patrol, Sage Riders posse of Evanston; Summit County Utah Jeep Patrol of Coalville; Davis County Utah Jeep Patrol; Twin Star Riders Sheriff's Posse of Bountiful, Utah; U.S. Forest employers, and volunteers from Lonetree, Mt. View and Lyman!

Also, a Utah Highway plane and two planes from the Evanston Wyoming Flying Service had joined the search.

Helping Gilbert in his observations are several peaks that reach up to and above 12,000 feet elevation, including So. Burro, (12,716); North Burro, (12,680); and Thomson, (11,783).

These command the Burn Fork drainage and view Kabell Lake and meadow, Beaver Meadow, Hoop Lake, Island Lake, Round Lake, Bull Park, George's Park, etc. The towns of Burnt Fork and McKinnon (once called) with their surrounding ranches, rich in history, were established, nourished and are now maintained from this gracious drainage.

As Gilbert stepped back to his position in the range, his magnetic personality enthralled all who beheld him. He is seen and adored by all Bridger Valley and far out into Wyoming—dignified; yet approachable. Next in height to Kings; yet his summit almost accessible to a horseman. Stern; yet, graciously yielding—by natural position, the lakes and beauty of Uinta River's main fork belong to him. He willingly and loyally released all this to his tall comrade—King's Peak.

His broad countenance and furrowed brow, set above shoulders of verdant timber is striking to behold. May the realization of his position and virtues increase!

LEIDY SPEAKS

At this time the chairman asked Leidy how the advent of the trapper impressed him. Shorty again became very interested and listened to the words of the guard from the northeast—he had also trapped this country and hoped through the comfort of his faithful stone that he would not be condemned: "I was happy in a degree to see the trappers come. Plenty of fur bearing animals were about—especially beaver. The Indians used very few and it seemed for a time that the Whites would not hurt them seriously. Later I repented of my happiness in high lamentation, calling for the bells of despair. White men are jealous and suspicious of each other. Unless controlled, all things end in exploitation. By 1840 the fur business was fast going on the rocks.

Then bad came to worse. First, cattlemen flourished in an honorable way. A new element then filtered in, beginning to live and build upon the efforts and success of the thrifty. Cattle and horses were stolen and driven away in large numbers. Some of these leaches settled on the borders round about and fattened by slowly sucking the blood of the industrious. This could not be endured indefinitely—it resulted in much bloodshed in Brown's Hole.

BROWN'S HOLE

This noted little piece of country which received its name from a Canadian trapper, one Baptistie Brown, who came here in 1827 or 1835, is merely an open Valley on the Green River below Red Canyon, with hazardous gates from above and below. Following the advent of the trapper who publicized it, it became a notorious settling bowl for the ragged end of human behavior. Though it is largely in Utah, it is very near the common corner of Utah and Colorado—butted up against Wyoming.

Its rims circled such characters as Tip Gault, with Mexican Teresa as Leut., Tom Crowley with Mexican Charley (in Little Hole) Judge Conway with Mexican Joe, Lent., Nigger

Ned "or Isom Dart" as he was also called. These with many others were all cattle rustlers.

Dutch John came as a prospector in the 60's. He had a copper claim on north side of Red Canyon.

Little Brown's Hole (now Little Hole) is 8 miles up Red Canyon from Brown's Park.

BUTCH CASSIDY

Of all the residents of Brown's Hole (now Brown's Park), none stand up so high in fame and popularity as Robert LeRoy Parker, who came to be known as Butch Cassidy. Outlaw, rustler, bank robber, or whatever title that might be annexed, seems not to lessen the general admiration that follows his name. Knowing that much has been added to his story to feed the gullible, let us turn to the most reliable source available—nephew, Mark Betensen who now owns the house in Circleville, Utah, that Butch was raised in.



BUTCH CASSIDY

Deseret News photo

From other sources than his, we gather that he was born in Beaver, Utah, to Mormon parents.

His parents were Maximillan and Ann Parker. He was oldest of 13 children and was born in 1867. 'He took the name of Cassidy from an older man, who was an acquaintance, named Mike Cassidy. Robert, later, was called George; but soon was dubbed for life—Butch—while working as a butcher in Rock Springs, Wyoming!

It seems that he was led into a cattle stealing affair early in life by older men in his home country. Rather than see them, who had families, get in trouble, he took the rap. So at 17 he left his Circleville home.

This act set the pattern of his entire life. He maintained an honor in a dishonorable business. His personality demanded respect which soon brought him to the leadership of the gang known as the Wild Bunch. Butch had a sense of humor, which he could not resist, though its execution sometimes endangered his life. During the course of his operations, which took him from Canada to Mexico and as far west as Winnemucca, Nevada—all by horse—a few authentic incidents stand out: After the job at the Nevada Town, the Bunch sent the bank a photograph of themselves. 'At Price, Utah, Butch saw his own body lying in state. The news was spread that the famous outlaw had been shot down by a posse in the San Rafael Swell. Butch couldn't resist, and rode past the body in a covered wagon. It was several days before the officers discovered that the dead man was only a minor outlaw, Jim Herron.'

Cassidy's most famous job was at Castle Gate, Utah, where on April 1, 1891, 'he and two of his gang, without much more of a threat . . . "or I'll fill your belly full of lead," robbed an \$8,800 payroll from under the noses of Denver and Rio Grande Express Office.'

Though Butch Cassidy operated between the early 1880's and 1904 in this country, he was only in Brown's Hole a few years, leaving in 1898.

This much can be truthfully said—though he was oft in precarious situations, never did he kill a man in his native country. What he did after he left for So. America, we know not. Nor do we know for certain if this Robin Hood of the West ever returned to his homeland. He felt it honorable to take from the rich and give to the poor—a colorful character was Butch Cassidy!

RANGE WAR

After cattle men had become quite confident as sovereigns 'over all they surveyed,' sheep began to pour in—mostly from the west. It seemed by force of custom, disposition and nature they would ruin and swallow up the entire range—both winter and summer. This new menace on the heels and mixing with the cattle rustler, over irritated the cattle men. They decided to establish lines behind which all sheep must stay.

By nature of these two livestock businesses, the cattleman had the decided advantage of the game. It was necessary that the sheepman should be with his flock. The cowman leisurely rode about spying and then grouping up, would come upon the helpless herder and flock with great destruction—and sometimes, murder. Most of this occurred during the 1890's and was pretty well cleared up a few years after the turn of the century.

The big contention being in the rough country north of Manila and Linwood. It however, existed throughout the range country to a greater or less degree. The compromise was largely made by the sheepmen buying the cattlemen out in that section—Dan Mackey being the big stick for sheep.

The country that hugs around my beloved corner is only typical—with a little more color—of all mountain West areas. Because of the times and fashions, the advent of the trapper was inevitable. And then followed the sequence just enumerated.

This frontier condition always readied a time when progression, economically and morally balked. Sturdiness, vitality,

home, and community building was necessary to break the stalemate. What could do it?

THE ADVENT OF THE SMALL FARMER

Looking toward me with begging attitudes, they cried: 'Why has the creek, that you seem to love, been shunted away from our fertile Valley to waste its life into the formidable Green River?' My answer: 'I can only say that, the forces of nature that made Sheep Creek, Lodgepole Canyon, and Conner Basin, also made me. I grew up with them. Reminding them then that the great gift of the mountains—water—was in this situation, free as the air; but they must knock at the door.

The situation challenged their industry, their honesty, faith, ability to co-operate and love of Country and humanity.

The surveyor-general of Utah, Ellsworth Daggett for whom Daggett County was named, pushed the survey. With the financial generosity of R. C. Chambers and others, the blowing sand became Lucerne Valley. By the middle of the century's last decade, the situation was appealing to settlers. They came from Beaver, other parts of Utah and elsewhere. My heart resounded at the ringing of cheerful bells—Hayden hit them hard.

To break the ice is one thing—
To melt it is another
Clearing the blood of frosty sting
And welding fragments together
Requires prayer and bended knees
"To see ourselves as others see"

And melt the tongue to say—my brother.

Great changes came about in the little town of Linwood. With water from Henry's Fork on the eager soil and peace established between the stockmen, money began to pour into it. Sheepmen made it their winter capital.

The Smith brothers, Keith and Sanford M., with father, Frank W., came in from New York. They set up a store, and in a short time, a town with all the glamour of the West was

going—2 stores, 2 hotels, 2 blacksmith shops, a dance-hall, postoffice, a gambling house, and a Bucket of Blood.'

The complexion has now changed to another phase—that of recreation."

In the front days of September 1962, Leidy looked puzzled—eyes wide, head high and ears on strain. Strange tones were in the air—he smelled dead fish. The Green as it meanders for hundreds of miles above the Flaming Gorge Dam (tributaries added makes 482 miles) was lined with equipment. Every 10 miles stood drums loaded with the Chemical—rotenone. They were dripping into the river. The keen eyes of Leidy told him that Wyoming and Utah Fish and Game authorities were there. Also Federal people were in the long lineup—100 in all. Yes they were really killing fish for that stuff was poison. It was the trash fish they were after. Not many trout were in this section of the river.

Uncle Sam put up \$150,000 for this deal, which included the detoxification of river below at the dam. A station was set up at Krause Canyon for this purpose.

Later the operation was pronounced a success and the waters behind the Flaming Gorge Dam were ready for the planting of game fish. Leidy was ready to accept a new era for his corner!

FLAMING GORGE DAM

This dam located in Green River 2 miles above Ashley Falls, is of concrete 490 feet high. It regulates the flow of upper Green River which drains 15,000 square miles. The lower 25 miles of the reservoir is in a scenic canyon of rock bordered by pine forest, and sweetened by wild life.

FLAMING GORGE RESERVOIR

Capacity — 3,789,000 acre feet
Length — 91 miles, to Green River, Wyoming
Area — 66 square miles
Normal water surface ele. — 6,049 feet

BALD KNOLL

In executing his responsibility as eye-witness to the Strawberry Valley Project, Bald Knoll, 10,079 elevation asks understanding: "My drainage goes into Strawberry River, Center Creek.

This diversion of the Colorado River Basin water into the Bonneville Basin is the first to be done on a large scale. In it the Council feels the Range it represents, went the extra mile.

THE DAM

29 Miles southeast of Provo, Utah

Authorized by Secretary of Interior 1905; completed 1913
Earthfilled structure—72 feet high — 490 feet long

Reservoir total capacity 283,000 acre feet

Reservoir active capacity 270,000 acre feet

Feeder sources

Strawberry River

Indian Creek Feeder Canal; length—2 miles; capacity
750 second feet

Trail Hollow Canal; length—4 miles; capacity—125 second feet

Currant Creek Feeder Canal; length—about 5 miles cap.
110 second feet.

(Trail Hollow first empties into Indian Creek Feeder.
Currant Creek Feeder Canal diverts into Co-op
Creek, thence into the Strawberry Reservoir)

WHERE THE WATER GOES

First—runs through 7 foot wide, 9 foot high and 3.8 mile long tunnel, into Diamond Fork of Spanish Fork River. The tunnel has 600 second feet capacity and is concrete lined.

The water is manipulated to operate three power plants before it is used as supplement and full irrigation on 43,000 acres of land on Wasatch Front around Spanish Fork, Utah.

"Strawberry Valley Project was essentially completed in 1918 at a total cost of \$3,348,684. Strawberry Water User's Association entered into a contract to repay to the United States the full amount of construction costs. Payments began in 1916 and will be completed in about 1966."

HEBER MOUNTAIN

Heber Mountain being largely in the Provo drainage and conveniently located above Heber Valley, becomes the natural to docket the pertinent data on times calendar for this mountain valley.

He observes: "This Valley first referred to as 'Provo Valley,' rests profitably between Uinta's west end and the picturesque east side of the Wasatch. After drinking heartily from the Provo River, it kisses it good-by with a blessing as the river makes its faithful way through Provo Canyon's open gate to Utah Lake. Timpanogos and Cataract Mountain who guard this canyon well, with its Deer Creek Reservoir, are ostensibly jealous of Heber Valley at their eastern feet; but can only lay claim to a small west portion. This portion, including Round Valley and Snake Creek drainage, fortunately works out to be an asset to my better half, as is evidenced by the now thrifty growth of Heber City.

The early settlers who began in earnest after the construction of the Provo Canyon wagon road in 1858, immediately became water-wise and began to appropriate the waters of Lake and Center Creeks, which begin at my slopes. A few little reservoirs were made in Lake Creek in 1877. These were the first of such in the Uinta Range. James Lindsay took the leading part in this move.

The second notable first was accomplished by 1889 when water was ditched over the divide from Strawberry River into the Bonneville Basin—running down Daniel's Canyon. The surveying was done by Hyrum Oaks and Wm. Bethers with plumbob and spirit level, in 1879, substantially enlarged in 1894 by construction of 1,000 foot tunnel and 7 mile canal tapping Willow Creek.

The third first was realized when a branch of the Rio Grande Western Railroad was extended from Provo to Heber City, September 29, 1899. This was made feasible, in the main by the sheer force of agricultural productivity and business development—no mineral or coal mines in the valley to serve.

It is the only railroad to extend to any of Uinta supported cities—the bells of Hayden came in with no punches pulled!

Mt. Heber is honored to report that the Fish and Game Department constructed a dam in Mill Hollow, 1962, a dam 51 feet high. It impounds 1,000 acre feet of water.

Because of the proximity of Provo Valley to Utah's Central Valleys the duration of pioneer hardships were shorter than in other localities which were more remote and shrowded with isolation—such as Ashley Valley. Hardships and tough problems were indeed there, but the very makeup of the early pioneers gave them the strength and resourcefulness to hold the tugs tight, snatching the load from the pending mud holes.

These pioneers coming as they did from most quarters of the globe from all walks of life, seemed to leave no talent lacking. There were doctors, lawyers, teachers, musicians, surveyors, carpenters, cabinet makers, organizers, church leaders, etc. They had already gone through several severe tests. First, by accepting an unpopular and persecuted faith; secondly, leaving homes and friends—many in poverty—for a country thousands of miles away over land and seas; then finally by leaving established or promising homes in Central Utah to build anew.

HITTING A FEW HIGH POINTS

Charley N. Carroll, George Jacques and James Adams took a quick and short look at the Valley in 1857.

In Summer of 1858, cattlemen George Bean, William Wall, William Meeks and Aaron Daniels came winding toward us between the majestic peaks guarding Provo Canyon, with cattle. They set their minds on certain ranch locations.

Next year, 1859, with axe, shovel and plow came Wm. Davidson, Robert Broadhead, James Davis, John Crook, John Jordan, C. N. Carroll, William Giles, John and James Carlyle, Jesse Bond, Hyrum Chatwin, Thomas Rasband and—Carpenter. Others followed soon.

Anticipating possible Indian troubles a 40 x 40 rod fort

was planned. Citation is made to John W. Witt for being first to have house in readiness in fort—1859. It was located in northwest section of present Heber City.

It is interesting to note that at this early date the spring and locality north of Heber known as London got its name because of a large wickiup being set up there to shelter 30 men. It was the London of the Valley at that time.

1860—first sawmill set up—Center Creek by Wm. Meeks and James Adams. Later shingles were made near the Valley and many saw mills operated.

Thomas Rasband, first bishop Heber East Ward.

Wm. Foreman first bishop Heber West Ward.

David VanWagoner, first bishop Midway.

John Harvey, first bishop Center Creek.

Nymphus C. Murdock, first bishop Charleston.

Early trappers were Eph Nelson and sons, who persistently went into Uinta Mountains as far as Bald Mountain staying for months at a time. Homer Fraughton, trapper, ox driver, hunter. John Smith trapper.

Mark Jeffs, store man who brought the 'do-it-well' from England.

Robert McKnight brought the 'do-it-yourself' herb doctoring from Scotland. He served as pioneer doctor for many years.

Andreas Burgener and John Huber brought music and sweet harmony from the Alps of Switzerland.

Abram Hatch from Vermont first Stake President embodied church leadership, business and legal ability—Probate Judge 6 years, legislator 23 years. His ability in law especially extended down through his posterity.

Joseph S. Murdock—Presiding Bishop in Heber 1861. He raised and married an Indian girl. His posterity lead as livestockmen and in sport contest.

Attewell Wooton brought with him inherent exactness from England and training from American Fork schools. He was respected and revered as a teacher.

The mixture of many bloods and traditions has not been in vain. Of the native born I ask the Bells of Hayden to ring for such as Edward P. Cliff, U. S. Chief Forester, David J. Wilson, U. S. Customs Judge in New York, Joseph R. Murdock, State President outstanding in the West in water conservation and development, Ed Clyde outstanding attorney Salt Lake City, H. Clay Cummings, Stake and Mission President, Superintendent Wasatch Mt. State Park, Don Clyde President of National Wool Growers Association and offices in several other national Associations, Welby W. Young, very energetic in dairy business, President of National Dairy Council, President of American Dairy Association of Utah.

James Clark Seller, nationally known for work done as examiner of questioned documents—reached the pages of Whos Who in America, Arthur V. Watkins, served with distinction as U. S. Senator from Utah; was noted fighter for reclamation in the West; David A. Broadbent, Stake President and Mission President, John Anderson, hardrock persistent business man and community worker, Guy C. Coleman, served 30 years as County Commissioner, was given Mark Tuttle award in 1960 for outstanding devotion to office.

Those worthy of mention are too numerous for these pages. We must also excuse ourselves, on the same ground, for not including the many many members of the fair sex, who in manifold situations deserve honor untold.

Heber to this day as the rate of its growth increases can be compared to the eye of a potato set that took the advantage, concentrating the strength and becoming the big hill of the field—the top tree of the garden. It has naturally become the center of the Valley in Church, as well as civil government, etc. The mines of Wasatch Mountains have given graciously. And now its being between the Strawberry Project and Deer Creek Reservoir, new blood flows in. Cross Country highways joining there have made tourism an ever increasing asset.

All of these sources of strength are fortunate and Heber can be complimented for its timely recognition and applica-

tion of them. You have shown your appreciation by using the names of Wasatch, Timpanogos, etc. profusely.

Coming in your back door are the lifegiving waters of the Uinta Mountains without which Heber would never have been born. At one time you were known as Provo Valley, and I, Mt. Heber, speaking for Bald Mountain of the Council was proud indeed for the recognition.

Mines don't last forever; gorgeous views will not feed a hungry community; tourists will not stop where there is no water; and, roads do not concentrate, nor will beautiful cities grow on barren wastes. History tells that man existed through ages without fire, without gold, silver, and even iron; but no age or generation of life—animal or plant—has ever endured without water. This doesn't argue the water can say to the soil "I have not need of thee" nor to the climate, nor to the community.

For a generation, as in like situations around the ring of this range, no restrictions interfered with the cutting of timber for a thousand homes—or the grazing of unlimited numbers of livestock. And in this particular locality no limit to the red sandstone from the quarry of John Crook (who later wrote a valuable journal) and William Foreman in Lake Creek.

Timpanogos High Water Canal to irrigate North Field was constructed in 1889 and covered 3,000 acres. It was later called the North Field Irrigation Company. Timpanogos Co. was organized May 31, 1895. Wasatch Canal Company served 2,500 acres.

INDIANS

The Blackhawk Indian War which began April 10, 1865 precipitated the moving of many peoples of the territory into forts. This happened in Heber Valley in May of 1866. A battalion was organized for protection. Before this, Indians had made stealthy raids, driving cattle up over the ridge into Duchesne Country. The trail passing directly beneath my chin, I was able to witness many incidents. One of these was lamentable as two Indians were killed.

When feelings were running dangerously high—Spring of 1866—a lone man was sent by Brigham Young on a peace mission to the Indian Agency, then established on Upper Duchesne River. His mission was to convince the Utes that Brigham Young wanted peace—not blood shed.

His cause was going quite well when in came an enraged old Indian Woman, who was ready to eat the 'heart of the Mormon while it was yet warm.' The braves closed in ready for the kill when an old blind Indian was inspired by the bravery of this lone messenger of peace—telling them they were a bunch of coyotes, thirsty for the blood of a lone sheep. Reconsideration wrought his release. His name was Al Huntington.

Continuing Mt. Heber said: "As I gaze to the north across Rhoades's Plateau and Kamas Valley down along its west side, where Beaver Creek nears the West Hills, I plainly see 'Al Huntington Point, named in honor of this brave man who went with a promise of Brigham Young that he 'would not be harmed'.

Following this incident, on May 27, 1866, the intrepid Captain William Wall was sent by same authority with 25 men and 100 head of cattle as a gift for peace. Col. Head, then Indian Agent, advised the Indians not to accept the cattle. Lt. Joseph S. McDonald working with Captain Wall and all the men, were ready by day break to meet the planned assault by the Indians. The surprised preparations forestalled the trouble—the cattle were accepted.

The next year, 1867, as the bells of peace peeled, the Ute's under Chief Tabby attended a feast for peace in Heber. They were happy to return to their allotted country with 80 head of cattle as a token of sincerity on the part of the Whites. Only trouble caused from here out was caused by a few renegades from time to time.

The publication in 1963 of the Comprehensive biographical volume of 1,200 pages, "How Beautiful Upon the Mountains," by Wasatch County Chapter of Daughters of Utah

Pioneers, should be appreciated far and wide. It was compiled and edited by W. James Mortimer—a tremendous task.

AFTER THOUGHT

Kind Mountains of Mercy—
 Reaching the top in Utah's sky;
 Yet meek in your transcendence—
 Watching the Wasatch milk your clouds
 Then in exemplary Christian grace
 Through Cross drainage to dying sods,
 Extra miles execute with sought embrace.
 Provo River in silver sheen
 Leaving peaks in grandeur high
 Flushed laterals in meadows green,
 Filled mains as dry winds sigh.
 Murdock Mountain and Broadhead Meadows
 Smile with Watson in approbation,
 Call for song from timbered crag
 Joys in names for heroes given—
 Lakes for Clyde, Wall and Clegg
 With Heber Mountain making seven.
 Heber Valley—congratulations
 For having names made immortal
 In the rare mountains of our nation,
 Which to you are plain parental
 Could you not, by condescension,
 While arranging your agenda
 Include a gesture of appreciation
 To your progenitor—Blessed Uinta?

KING'S PEAK

Uinta Peaks and namesake basin
 Formed in unison by the Ages,
 Can you echo in fair reason
 What is written on your pages?
 Dinosaur ghosts, the three toed horse
 Weather in terrible rash extremes
 Hairy Mammoths with curled up tusks
 Glaciers gorging at your seams?

This distinguished member of the Council because of height and position was held in reserve as the last to be heard from. He is able to observe to a wider extent both sides of the range. Looking west, he is quite able to identify all of the members of the Council and dozens of others. The bold relief of Hayden almost 50 miles away oft flashes his dome in the Sun and rings a good morning.

HE SPEAKS

"Good fortune has always attended me. My memory has never failed, nor have my eyes grown dim. It has been my custom through the vicissitudes of time, to keep an eye to the north and one to the south, an ear to the ground and a hope to the sky. Howbeit, as stated previously, I can only speak language as understood by men—many readings are yet to be made.

From my point of view, much of Bridger Valley and the mountains beyond are recognized. Likewise to the south the Uinta Basin viz: that country which is drained by the Uinta River, which includes the Duchesne and tributaries. Times were when the eye to the north revealed herds of antelope flashing on the plains; while the eye to the south was held by many bison staying too late to ever return to their winter haunts—their bleached bones bearing silent testimony. In later times the picture on the north changed to emigrant trains and an army half starved at Fort Scott and Jim Bridger standing in his blacksmith shop pointing out South Pass.

Our responsibility at present is the Uintah Basin which lies under our eye to the south. With the help of a committee—Tabby Mountain, Lake Fork Mountain and Mosby Mountain, the report is ready. All things of importance have been seen by at least one of the four of us.

Going back 10,000 years or more when the mastadon had come to his own on ground under which were buried the bones of dinosaurs, were a people whose way of living has been referred to as Desert Culture. They had crude implements of stone and bone. They gathered seeds and berries, and what meat they could capture. Indeed their stone spear heads have been found thrust between the ribs of the mastadons. This was before the advent of bow and arrow.

Following these in uncertain sequence came the Basket Makers and Fremont People. The bow and arrow brought into use; drawings in caves and remains of Pit Houses are found. Evidence of irrigation, by which corn, beans and squash were raised is observed. They made pottery and lived in small communities. The marking of one of their canals can be seen near Neola, where it can be followed to the Uinta River. We saw this being dug with rock scrappers held in the hands, while upon their knees. The center of this culture seemed to be as far south as Fremont River. It reached around the west end of range into Kamas Valley.

The Shoshone Indians came in the Basin at some early date. From them we have the Utes of today. They were here when Father Escalante ventured in our sight up the Duchesne in 1776 on way to Utah Valley. He had crossed the Green at Jensen which he named Rio Buenaventura. One story is that Ashley named this river the Green after a friend in St. Louis. Another is—it was called Green River because of the color of its water and another because of the green foliage that lined its banks.

We saw Ashley in 1825 launch his boats on this river and waiting quite breathlessly, saw him make the ranges turn and float on South. We leave it to Mosby who saw the Reed

Trading Post established and prospered in 1826 or 28. It was a short distance southeast of the town of White Rocks. In 1832 Fort Robidoux was established just on the other side of the spring there. Reed sold out to Robidoux. The last named developed into a notorious nuisance to the Indians who twelve years later, killed all the white men there and burned the fort to the ground. Robidoux being absent escaped the massacre.

We deplore such as this by the Indians. Close checking, however, tells us that generally the Whites brought it on by failure to treat them like humans and by failing to live up to agreements with them. And this doesn't exclude the government. Our Government is now trying to make amends to these people and is doing very much. It is noted that this does not and cannot take care of many personal injustices done over a century and a half to these people.

Tabby Mountain was surprised in 1844 to see John R. Fremont come from the southwest, striking the Duchesne River at his feet, turning down almost to junction with Strawberry; thence, northeast to Ft. Winty or Robidoux and then on to Brown's Hole. And again going beneath the feet of Lake Fork Mt. and under the nose of Tabby was pathfinder Fremont as he made his historic journey up the Duchesne and down the Provo in 1845.

Six years later, July 21, 1851, Gov. Brigham Young who was also Superintendent of Indian Affairs, over the signature of President Abraham Lincoln, established the Uintah Indian Agency by proclamation. Before a year was up the first Indians moved in.

Ten years past and very few white men ventured about. Then in 1861 a delegation of Mormon people made an exploring trip through the Basin. The report back to Salt Lake City was not encouraging. They didn't find what they expected and reported it was a country only good to 'hold the world together.' It seems the time had not come for its awakening.

Tabby Mountain tells us that in 1867, or about, Indian Agency Headquarters was established at head of Daniels

Canyon. In less than a year it was moved to Upper Duchesne.

Tabby was eyewitness to the troubles here and the eventual peace that developed. Here in 1867 we first hear of Captain Pardon Dodds, being the Indian Agent. He was relieved in 1872. While in office he counted 4,500 Utes on Reservation.

To have the Ute Indians in one place for the purpose of peace, the Government established the Uintah Indian Reservation in 1881. The White River Utes were moved in from Meeker, Colorado where the massacre had occurred. Fort Duchesne was established in 1886. The first Cavalry there was made of Negroes. They remained there until our war with Spain which began in 1898. White soldiers then replaced them.

The need of protection vanished a few years after the opening of the Reservation for settlement. Whereupon it was abandoned by general order No. 31 September 7, 1911. A caretaker attachment remained there until end of January 1912.

The name Duchesne—was first given to the river, and is thought to have come from a French trapper by the name of Du Chasne.

White Rocks was established in 1868 when the Indian Agency was moved there with Pardon Dobbs as agent. The agency continued there until 1910, when it was taken to Ft. Duchesne. White Rocks received its name from the white rocks in the stream and about. It was the first white settlement in eastern Utah.

Up until the opening of the Reservation late summer, 1905—not many whites were seen about. Indians fished and hunted at will. Wild horses—some branded, some not—roamed over the entire domain. It was a carefree country. But bells sometimes abruptly change their tone.

Many arbitrary things are done in the course of progress which are not entirely above board. The opening of this extensive country to settlement was one of those things. For in so doing, agreements which had been made with the Indians

were ignored. What could have been done is hard to say. As to White man's way of thinking, the Indians were to be bettered in the long run. But they did not see it that way.

By solemn agreement if they, the Indians, would go peaceably to the Reservation, it would never be opened until two-thirds of all male Indians agreed to it by vote. The opening proclamation was issued without them having any chance to vote.

Comes ringing to our ears are the words of Charles F. Keterin, "The past is gone and static. Nothing we do can change it. The future is before us and dynamic. Everything we do will effect it." Let us remember the last statement at least, in our relationship with these people.

To give a detailed personal history of the intervening 59 years would be at least 100 pages beyond the scope of this effort. As this has already been done by two elaborately prepared volumes we shall steady down to a broadside shot. The Uinta Range is indeed broadside to the Uintah Basin.

As a broadside to the majority of the pioneers of 1905 and many after—they came with sincere intentions of establishing for themselves and families, a home and to build up a new country. Most of them realized the toughness of this undertaking. They did not falter in the execution of this resolve! Thousands have been born there; many of these are still living; others having lived a life of maturity, have been called hence.

Prior to this date in 1905 which is plainly the birth of its civilization, covered wagons could be seen winding between prairie dog towns, as bands of Cayuse ponies dust clouded in retreat.

Looking down from our height at turn of century we saw the writer of these words peering between the bows of one of these wagons. And again in 1905, we saw him over the same course—from the Range's west end to Vernal, riding a native cayuse. Saw him bivouacked where the metropolis was to be. In 1963 we viewed him—this time looking on a level—as he on reconnaissance air trip, passed first on our right then on our

left. Later in same season, he was our guest along with an electric storm of hair-raising potential. Later he stood alone with paper and pencil on Marsh Peak.

In contrast at this date we see cities and towns, black topped roads, churches of several denominations, institutions of learning, hospitals, old folks home, creameries, sawmills, banks, and many businesses. Indians adding color as they drive their cars in contentment and leisure. In the country side we are happy to observe herds of improved cattle—both beef and dairy—sheep and beef and all that goes with a well fed, well clothed and well sweetened community. These are all sustained by the master crop—Alfalfa.

Being conscious of the fact that all great movements and developments, have champions of foresight, courage and dedication—individuals who would not quit—we apologize. And will say that the degree of success achieved by the mass effort is high indeed. And that the Uinta Range stands by concerned—with the faith of a mother over her child. It is perpetual in its succor. With returned appreciation and co-operation it will never dry up!"



AUTHOR AT 75 AT UTAH'S HIGH CREST

Photo by Kendell Lambert

A pause in the remarks of the speaker attracted the interest of the invited guest. He noticed that the King of the Peaks had one eye closed; while the other gazed down the Uinta River. Upon asking the meaning he was told this demonstration meant that he could see an institution organized and going, on the River below him at the site of Old Fort Duchesne. It was in a way the resurrection of the one held almost a century before on another stream—Henry's Fork for which his other eye was closed in reverence.

Probably no institution, during the development of this domain was more general in its effects than was the Uintah Basin Industrial Convention—U.B.I.C. It held sway in the hearts of this wide community for 16 years, 1923-39. This was almost identical in length of duration of the other—The Trappers Rendezvous—which had its beginning beneath the closed eye.

Contrasts as well as similarities are conspicuous in these two institutions—a century and a range apart. They were both composed of Whites and Indians; but with quite different relationships and attitudes. The first moved from place to place; the latter was permanent in location. The first often took unfair advantage of the Indians in trade and morals; the other, sought to woo his friendship by help and kindness—putting him on equal footing with the Whites. The one brought “firewater” and encouraged gambling, debauchery, etc.; the U.B.I.C. accomplished the almost unbelievable by being successful with all these things prohibited.

It was a grand satisfaction to go about the many tents and join these people in this great educational social, where neighbor taught and encouraged neighbor as they together listened to lectures and entertainment from the state's three Universities—University of Utah, Brigham Young University, and Utah Agricultural College. Contests were held including horse pulling; but no horse racing.

The object of this great move was to console and encourage. Surely at this time things looked black. Some had lost



UTAH'S MARTHA TAV-I-AN LINCOLN 114.
Possibly the oldest American Indian alive today.

Desert News photo

most everything because of Alkali. Many were held down because of lack of storage water. Plenty of water was between them and the “Smiling Peaks”; but why strain the last muscle when the market and the roads did not justify it? This outstanding event served to hold, steady and cement them. They held until the Sun began to break the opaque clouds. The attendance reached toward 20,000.

Great credit is forthcoming to such as Hylas Smith, J. P. May, William Woolf, Erastus Peterson and many many others who untiringly executed the responsibility involved.

In this basin are many things of interest. Its bird life is tremendous. Tuomey in his ‘Birds of Uintah Basin’ says ‘Because of its geographic position the Basin is an area where the ranges of western eastern and Rocky Mountain forms meet.’ He then proceeds to name some 4 dozen different varieties. Some of these have been listed elsewhere in this work.

The U.B.I.C. still goes in full swing. It was only off for a few years.